

FIRST ISSUE!

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DARKSTARS

DARKSTARS

1

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SENSATIONAL
1ST
ISSUE!





ANOTHER DAY,
ANOTHER
GUNSHAR

MEAN STREETS

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STUPID SO STUPID
DID THEY REALLY
THINK THEY'D GET
AWAY WITH IT?


OR MAYBE IT'S ME WHO'S
THE STUPID ONE—THINKING
THAT TAKING OUT A BUNCH
OF AMATEURS IS GOING TO
MAKE A DAMNED BIT OF
DIFFERENCE.



SNAP OUT OF IT,
SATA-BREATH.
NOW'S NOT
THE TIME.



KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR
WORK. EVEN AMATEURS CAN
HAVE YOUR HEART ON A
STICK IF YOU'RE NOT
CAREFUL.



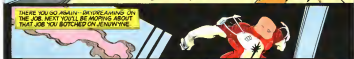
LET'S SEE NOW. I'M FOUR DECKS UP—
ONLY A FEW SHORT STEPS FROM THE
BRIDGE. BY NOW, THEY KNOW THE
HELL HAS BEEN BREACHED.

AM RIGHT ON TIME.

TIME WAS I USED TO
ENJOY THIS, USED
TO THINK I WAS
ACCOMPLISHING
SOMETHING.



THERE YOU GO AGAIN-- DAYDREAMING ON
THE JOB. NEXT YOU'LL BE MOPING ABOUT
THAT JOB YOU BOTCHED ON JENNYFIVE.



ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK
YOU WANTED TO GET YOUR
HEAD BLOWN OFF.



BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS-- ISN'T IT?
YOU'VE GOT SO DAMNED MUCH
TO LIVE FOR.



OR IS IT JUST A MATTER
OF INERTIA? YOU'VE
BEEN DOING IT SO
LONG, YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
STOP?



ONCE A DARKSTAR, ALWAYS
A DARKSTAR. HELL—YOU
USED TO LIKE THE WAY
THAT SOUNDED.



BUT THAT WAS BEFORE
JENUWINE...



... BLOWN IT.
BLOWN IT ALL.



PRIGITZ HERE. DID YOU FIND
THE MORTAKIA, AGENT COLOS?

I'M ON THE
MORTAKIA,
REGIONAL
ADMINISTRATOR,
AND FROM WHAT
I CAN SEE

YOUR CARGO
OF VALUABLE
MEDICINES IS
AS SNUG AS
YOUR CUTE
LITTLE
UNIFORM.



YOUR LACK OF RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY
IS APPALLING. AGENT COLOS. IT IS
BEYOND ANY HOW MANY PREDECESSORS
TOLERATED IT.

WHAT IS THE STATUS
OF THE HLUACKERS?



THE DETAILS WOULD MAKE YOU
SQUEAMISH. REGIONAL ADMINI-
STRATOR. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THEY
POSE NO THREAT AT THE PRESENT
TIME. AND I'LL HAVE THEM LOCKED
AWAY BEFORE THAT
SITUATION CAN
CHANGE.



"HND YOUR OWN VESSEL.
AGENT COLOS? OR WILL
THOSE DETAILS MAKE
ME SQUEAMISH
AS WELL?"

"MY OWN VESSEL IS...
FINE. BUT THINKS
FOR ASKING."



I AM PLEASED THAT YOUR
MISSION WAS SUCH A SUCCESS.
I TRUST YOUR NEXT
MISSION WILL TURN OUT
THE SAME WAY.

SOUNDS LIKE
YOU'VE ALREADY GOT
ONE IN MIND.



HOW ASTUTE OF YOU
TO NOTICE. I HAVE
AN ASSIGNMENT
FOR YOU IN SECTOR
109. PLANET 43.

PERSUAS
YOU'VE HEARD
OF IT—A WORLD
KNOWN TO ITS
INHABITANTS
AS...

...EARTH.



NOTHING,
SISTER?

YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS,
LIEUTENANT.

I AM IN THIS
PLACE FROM MORNING
TO NIGHT. I HAVE NO
TIME TO BE OUT ON
THE STREETS, GATHER-
ING THE KIND OF
INFORMATION
YOU NEED.



I HEAR YOU, SISTER,
AND I DON'T SUPPOSE
YOUR PEOPLE HERE WILL
BE OF MUCH HELP EITHER.
THEY DON'T SEEM TO
BE ABLE TO REMEMBER
A WHOLE LOT...



...NEW GUY?

YES, HIS NAME IS MAURICE. CALLS HIMSELF AND.

WE'VE GIVEN HIM A ROOM IN THE BACK IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME HELP BEFORE THAT. HE WAS ON THE STREET LIKE THE OTHERS.

"THINK HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING? HE LOOKS A LITTLE MORE TOGETHER THAN YOUR AVERAGE CUSTOMER."

"YOU CAN ASK HIM YOURSELF, LIEUTENANT--IF YOU LIKE, I'LL TAKE HIS PLACE AT THE KETTLE."



AND THIS IS LIEUTENANT FLINT OF THE DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT. HE WANTS TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS, ALL RIGHT?

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.

DIDN'T SAY YOU HAD. I'M JUST LOOKING FOR SOME INFORMATION.

THERE'S A NEW DRUG ON THE STREET. PEOPLE CALL IT LOGO...

...POWERFUL STUFF...



—MAKES YOU FEEL REAL GOOD FOR A LITTLE WHILE. THEN WHAM--YOU WANT TO GO OUT AND PICK A FIGHT WITH EVERYONE IN SIGHT...

...KNOW WHAT I MEANT?

I'VE HEARD ABOUT IT.



THAT'S A GOOD START. BUT WHAT I'M REALLY LOOKING FOR IS THE PLACE WHERE THEY DISTRIBUTE THE STUFF.

"YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THAT PLACE MIGHT BE?"

MAYBE I DO. THERE'S A WAREHOUSE ON CANTON--USED TO BELONG TO A FURNITURE COMPANY.



I KNOW THE PLACE. HOW CERTAIN ARE YOU ABOUT THIS?



PRETTY CERTAIN.

THANKS. AND HEY--NEXT TIME YOU KNOW SOMETHING, MAYBE YOU COULD GIVE ME A CALL.



SURE LIKE IT'S GOING TO HELP.



CAN'T KNOW TILL WE TRY, RIGHT?

MASTER, I'VE SEEN MY SHARE OF STREETS, AND I'VE DONE MY SHARE OF FIGHTING. AND I CAN TELL YOU FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE THAT NOTHING CHANGES. NOT REALLY.



YOU BUST UP THIS LOCO PEN, IT'LL JUST POP UP SOMEWHERE ELSE. YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THAT.



SO WE JUST TURN AROUND, IS THAT IT? JUST THROW UP OUR HANDS AND LET THE SCUM TAKE OVER?



MAYBE YOU'RE CONTENT TO DO THAT, I'M NOT.



"NOT SO LONG AGO, A CONFEDERACY
LED BY THE DAXAMITES INVADIED
EARTH--OR TRIED TO. THE DETAILS
ARE NOT CLEAR TO US, BUT THE
INVASION ULTIMATELY FAILED..."

NONETHELESS, THE ACTION
HIGHLIGHTED EARTH'S EXISTENCE--
AND ITS VULNERABILITY. IF WE
NOTICED, YOU CAN BE SURE
OTHERS HAVE AS WELL.

RECENTLY, THREE
SEPARATE SHIPS
VANISHED INTO
SECTOR 103 TAKEN
TOGETHER, THEIR
CARGOS PROVIDE
THE COMPONENTS
OF THE SERIAN
DRUG LOKU.

HEADED FOR EARTH?

WE BELIEVE SO.
YES, WHAT BIOLOGICAL
INFORMATION WE
HAVE ON THE EARTH
SUGGESTS THAT LOKU
WOULD BE HEAVILY
ADDICTIVE TO
THEM.

SO SOMEONE HAS
FOUND HIMSELF A NEW
MARKET--IN AN
UNCONTROLLED SECTOR,
A PRIMITIVE SOCIETY--
BUT NOT TOO
PRIMITIVE--RIPE
FOR THE PICKING.

APPARENTLY SO.
THOUGH, OF COURSE,
ANOTHER ORGANIZATION
HAS IN THE PAST
MAINTAINED A
PRESENCE THERE.



DON'T TELL ME—LET
ME GUESS, ONE OF THOSE
SHINING KNIGHTS OF THE
SPACEWAYS, RIGHT? THE
ONES THAT TURNED YOU
DOWN FOR MEMBERSHIP?



I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT
YOU'RE REFERRING TO, AGENT
COLOS. IF I WERE YOU, I
WOULD FORGET THE...
JOCULARITY AND CONCENTRATE
INSTEAD ON THE MISSION...



...THE DETAILS OF WHICH CAN
BE FOUND IN YOUR SHIP'S
COMPUTER, FILED UNDER
"EARTH."

PRIGATZ
OUT.



"A DOZEN LIGHT YEARS. HUH?
HELL OF A LONG TIME IN
ANYBODY'S BOOK."

"THANK DEEL
FOR MY FAITHFUL
OL' COMPUTER"

OTHERWISE,
THE COMPANY
WOULD BE
UNBEARABLE.



HOW DO YOU
FEEL ABOUT THE
VERDICT, MISS
WHITE?

JUSTICE
WAS SERVED.
WHAT MORE
CAN I SAY?

BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE
ACCUSATIONS THAT
YOUR CLIENT IS
A MEMBER OF
ORGANIZED
CRIME?



FRANK RAPPAS IS A
BUSINESSMAN, FOLKS.
NOTHING ELSE. IT WAS
SIMPLY A MATTER OF
DEMONSTRATING THAT
TO THE JURY.



IN MY WHOLE LIFE,
I AIN'T NEVER GIVEN
AN ORDER TO HAVE
NOBODY KILLED—
THE WAY THEY SAID
I DID. AND THAT'S
THE TRUTH.
S'HELP ME.



YOU CAN GO HOME
NOW, MISTER RAPPAS,
AND REMEMBER TO
TAKE YOUR
MEDICINE.

THANKS,
CARLA, FOR
EVERYTHING—
I MEAN IT.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I WOULD'VE
DONE WITHOUT YOU.
YOU'RE ONE SMART
COOKIE.



IT'S EASY TO DEFEND AN
INNOCENT MAN, MISTER
RAPPAS.

SLAM

CONGRATULATIONS, PAPPAS. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR JUDICIAL SYSTEM HAS CLEARED YOUR GOOD NAME.

YEAH—THE JERK!

THAT IS GOOD. WE CAN ALL AFFORD TO LOSE YOU—NOW, PARTICULARLY.

AFTER ALL, OUR DISTRIBUTION PROGRAM IS ABOUT TO ENTER PHASE TWO.

BEEP BEEP

PHASE TWO, DANIKI? SO SOON?

WE CANNOT LIKE TO— WHAT IS YOUR EXPRESSION? STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT?

BESIDES, PHASE ONE WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS. THE DRUG HAS HAD PRECISELY THE DESIRED EFFECT.

ITS EPIDEMIC QUALITIES HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES TO BE A POTENT ATTRACTION. AND THE ADDICTION IS ESTABLISHED WITH FIRST USE, JUST AS WE HAD HOPED.

AFTER ALL, A VIOLENT EFFECT IS A BIGGER HEADACHE FOR YOUR AUTHORITIES THAN A PEACEFUL ONE. THE SIDE EFFECT MAY ACTUALLY WORK TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

THE INCLINATION TO VIOLENCE WAS UNEXPECTED, OF COURSE. BUT I HARDLY SEE IT AS A STUMBLING BLOCK... SLUGG!



HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE WITNESSES WHO SUDDENLY REFUSED TO TESTIFY? THE DISAPPEARANCES OF KEY PIECES OF EVIDENCE?

YOU WOULD DO BETTER TO ASK THOSE QUESTIONS OF THE PROSECUTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BUT I THINK WHAT THEY WOULD TELL YOU IS THAT THOSE THINGS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME.

IF PAPPAS IS JUST A BUSINESSMAN, MISS WHITE, HOW CAN HE AFFORD YOUR HIS REPORTED INCOME LAST YEAR WAS LESS THAN \$38,000?

MISTER PAPPAS'S FINANCES ARE HIS OWN BUSINESS. THAT WAS NOT THE SUBJECT OF THIS TRIAL, AS I RECALL.



MISS WHITE, WHAT ABOUT THE--

I'VE NO FURTHER COMMENTS RIGHT NOW. WE'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN THE PRESS CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD.



GOOD JOB, LITTLE GIRL.

I DID MY BEST, DADDY.

SISTER ESPERANZA IS VERY NICE TO ME--BUT IT FEELS STRANGE TO SLEEP IN A BED AGAIN SURROUNDED BY WALLS.

IT'S NOT SO BAD ON THE STREETS--ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN THE WEATHER'S WARM. NOBODY'S DEPENDING ON YOU. NOBODY TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO AND WHEN TO DO IT--LIKE THAT LIEUTENANT BACK IN THE SOUP KITCHEN.

OUT HERE, YOU'RE FREE.

YEAH, FREE.

DAMN, GOOD TRAFFIC--IT'S ALL OVER, EVEN DOWN HERE.

PRETTY SOON, THE FIGHTS'LL BREAK OUT. PEOPLE BASHING EACH OTHER'S HEADS FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF BAMPING THE STUFF.

THIS PLACE'LL BE A WAR ZONE.

AND THEY'RE THE ONES WHO'LL GET HURT THE WORST--LIKE ALWAYS I'VE GOT TO ROUST THEM--GET THEM OUT OF HERE.

--GET OUT OF HERE--QUICKLY! THOSE ARE GOOD HEADS--THEY'LL KILL YOU!

KLUM



HURRY!
YOU'VE GOT
TO HURRY
BEFORE--



---DAMN.



TIME'S UP GOT
TO RUN TO GET
OUT OF HERE--

--NO. I CAN
HELP ONE
MOVE.

NOW RUN. AND
DON'T STOP
NOT FOR
ANYTHING.



I CAN HEAR THEM
CLOSING IN, BUT I
WON'T STOP HERE.
I WON'T!

LORD, NO--
PLEASE--

OH, GOD



SHZOOM



JUST HAVE TO
REMEMBER NOT
TO USE TOO MUCH
FORCE

MORE OF
THEM, ANY?
WELL, THAT
CAN BE TAKEN
CARE OF.

AFTER ALL, THEY
ARE PRETTY FRAGILE--
AND THEY DON'T
KNOW WHAT THEY'RE
DOING.

WHOA!



GOD, HE'S POWERFUL!
SEEMS HE CAN DO
ANYTHING!



NEVER SEEN ANYONE
LIKE HIM--ANYONE
WHO COULD REALLY
HELP...



...BUT WHAT'S HE DOING
HERE? WHY WOULD HE
WANT TO HELP?

WHAT'S HIS
ANGLE?



LOOKS LIKE
THAT'S IT--FOR
THE TIME
BEING



BY THE WAY,
YOU CAN LET HER
GO NOW. SHE'S
DEAD--HAS BEEN
FOR HOURS



A DRUG-OVER-
DOSE--THOUGH
NOT NOW SOMETHING HAVE
GROWN, I
GUESS



SORRY TO
BE THE ONE TO
HAVE TO TELL
YOU

GOT A
NAME?







AND THE FACT THAT YOU
HAVE ASSIGNED COLOS
TO THIS TASK ONLY
MAKES MATTERS WORSE



DARKSTAR
COLOS STILL
HAS A TOP
RATING,
DIRECTOR.
HIS--

BUREAUCRATIC NONSENSE,
PRIGATZ. WE BOTH KNOW
THAT COLOS IS NOT WHAT
HE USED TO BE. THE
OPERATIVE PHRASE
WHEN I WAS IN THE
FIELD WAS BURNED
OUT.



THAT BUSINESS ON JENUWYNE...
IT WAS UNFORTUNATE, OF COURSE,
BUT WE CAN'T IGNORE THE
EFFECT IT HAD ON HIM.



SHALL I
RECALL HIM,
THEN ASSIGN
ANOTHER
DARKSTAR
TO THIS
MISSION?

SOMETIMES I WISH
YOU'D HAD SOME
FIELD EXPERIENCE,
PRIGATZ. A DARKSTAR
DOESN'T TAKE OVER
ANOTHER DARKSTAR'S
ASSIGNMENT--



--NOT UNLESS THE
FIRST ONE IS STONE-
COLD DEAD

FOR THE TIME
BEING, IT SEEMS IT'S
COLOS OR NOTHING.



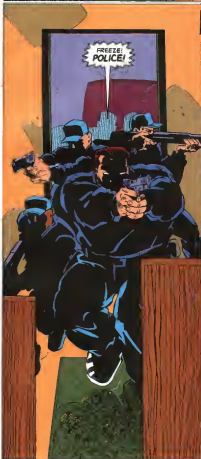
"EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT
TO DO, RIGHT? WE TAKE IT
ONE STEP AT A TIME..."

REMEMBER--THE
DEPARTMENT DOESN'T NEED
ANY DEAD HEROES. THERE'S
PLENTY OF BACK-UP IF
WE NEED IT.



POLICE

POLICE









DARKSTAR: IN THE BEGINNING

It's been said often enough that writers' creations are like their children. And of course, if that's so, you should love all your creations equally. But you've got to have a special place in your heart for one who was born on the same day you were.

Such was the case with Darkstar. He was conceived, gestated and brought into the world kicking and screaming on the occasion of my thirty-fifth birthday—still naked and raw, but very much alive. At a busy Manhattan restaurant, no less, where the people sitting at the surrounding tables didn't even look up from their linguini to witness the birth—and why should they? To the casual observer, we were just three guys getting together for lunch.

Okay, so maybe we were getting a few more sauce spots on our shirts than most of the people around us. And maybe we forgot to use our knives and forks once in a while. But hell, we were being creative!

That's right, I said there were three of us. You think I come into Manhattan to eat by myself? On my birthday? No way. Anyway, not since I've gotten my shots. As it happened, I'd been invited to lunch by Bob Greenberger and Brian Augustyn, my editors on *STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION* and *OUTLAWS*, respectively. The idea was to fine-tune some of my ideas for upcoming issues in both titles—at least long enough to justify putting a few barbecued ribs on the expense account, after which we could get down to talking some serious baseball.

Funny thing—we never got to the baseball part. I mentioned that I was eager to do a project in the DC Universe, and either Brian or Bob asked me which of the existing DC characters I fancied. When I was growing up, my favorite titles were *GREEN LANTERN* and *CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN*, so those were the characters I mentioned. As it happened, they'd already been claimed by good and able writers. So someone—Bob or Brian—dug a little deeper: what was it about those characters that intrigued me so much?

I had to stop and think—an eerie and painful experience which I never want to have to go through again. But by the time I was done, I had come up with some answers. I liked the Challs because they were the prototypical team—a bunch of guys who had to rely on one another. And I was a G.I. fan because the idea of a lone operator who represented an intergalactic organization presented, to my mind, an interesting array of possibilities.

I also had the audacity to say that as much as I loved the Green Lantern mythos, I would've done the whole thing differently—starting with Abin Sur and the Guardians. My Abin Sur would have been reluctant as hell to empower a representative of a race he knew nothing about (i.e., the human one). And my version of the Guardians would have been a good deal more pragmatic and less altruistic.

Bob—DC's answer to the World Book Encyclopedia—pointed out that the pre-Crisis universe had a less-than-altruistic group we might draw on. I'd tell you more about them, but why spoil the surprise? You'll get to meet them in all their post-Crisis glory soon enough.

The wheels were turning. Our food was starting to get cold. The waiters were giving us the evil eye. Okay now, one of my lunch partners said, how about a protagonist? Would he be someone with unerring faith in his mission? Someone with a deep and abiding respect for humanity? Someone for whom the end never justifies the means?

Someone a kid could look up to? Nah.

Like a real-world cop, who loses as many fights as he wins, my hero would have to be a little bitter. A little disillusioned. Maybe more than a little.

Nor would he be a "shining knight of the spaceways," as he himself would put it. He'd be a grunt—a guy who operates on the basis of his own set of ethics, not his employers'. No paragon of virtue—just someone doing the best he can under adverse circumstances.

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At this point, mind you, he still didn't have a name. But that would come later. A few days later, actually, as I sat at the dinner table with my wife and son. "Let's see, I said, 'He's really a space cop, right? That's the essence of it. But I can't call him Space Cop.'"

My wife knows better than to take me too seriously. "How about Mancuso, FBI?"

"That's taken."

I start to think about the derivation of the word "cop"—from the copper buttons the police used to wear on their uniforms. It made sense that law enforcement officials would be better known by some slang term than by their official title.

I looked around the kitchen. Space Spetula? Space Toaster Oven?

My son had these little stars on the toes of his sneakers, which he earned weekly at his preschool class for not conspiring to burn down the school. Certainly, there was a precedent for law enforcers wearing stars...

"Dad? Why are you looking at my sneakers?"

"Never mind. Just eat your broccoli."

What kind of stars? Not bright ones—not for my protagonist. No, dark—dark and tarnished. Darkstar.

Okay. So I work furiously for a while, coming up with a backstory for this protagonist and a supporting cast—three unlikely "Challengers," if you will, to round out our group of four. (See? This is me, working furiously!)

By now, you've met them: Mo Douglas, John Flint and Carla White. I think you'll agree: an odd trio, at best. And we've got some interesting plans for them.

At any rate, I finally get to the point where I'm ready to hand in a proposal. It's voluminous. Brian and Bob refuse to read it until it weighs less than I do. I pare it down and resubmit. Brian and Bob and I beat it around. I go back to the drawing board, we beat it around some more.

Strange references pop up in our conversations: the Texas Rangers (the law enforcement organization, not the baseball team)...the Untouchables...the Texas Rangers

(the baseball team, not the law enforcement organization)...L.A. law...homelessness...hope and despair...

At this point, you can probably tell this isn't just another project to these guys. Their hearts are in it just as much as mine is. Finally, with their help, Darkstar gets the DC stamp of approval.

Somewhere along the line, Brien—who against the advice of friends and family has foolishly agreed to edit the book—informs me that he and Bob have lined up an artist. It turns out to be Larry Struman, whose work I'd seen in Marvel's *Alien Legion*. Someone up there must like me, I decide. I'd tell you what a terrific artist Larry is, but you've already read the comic—so if you didn't know before, you know now. Suffice it to say that he took my characters and intensified them to a degree even I hadn't envisioned.

About the same time, Brien says we've got to pick a setting for ol' Darkstar. A planetside base of operations. How about...Dallas? You know, geographical distribution and all that. Sure, I say. I've even been to Dallas once, about ten years ago—though all I remember is sitting at a counter in a cute, little restaurant as city officials condemned the place for health violations. No, thanks, I think I'll skip the *huevos rancheros* today.

Obviously I had to get to know Dallas a little better. Fortunately, Bob Wayne, DC's retail promotions manager and a former Dallasite himself, knew of a convention that was coming up down there—the Dallas Fantasy Fair, run by a guy

named Larry Lankford. Bob suggested that the fans might want to hear about Darkstar and some of my other comic and book projects. Larry agreed and offered to pick up part of my expenses, and the next thing I knew (well, not really, but it helps to move the story along) I was winging my way Dallasward.

At the airport, I was greeted by Steve Erwin, who at the time was the regular artist on *CHECKMATE* and is presently doing a bang-up job on *DEATHSTROKE, THE TERMINATOR*. Now, you have to understand, Steve's never met me before in his life. All he knows is I'm from New York—not exactly a mark in my favor, by many people's standards. What's more, it's Thanksgiving Day, and I've dragged him away from the bosom of his family to drive 20 miles to some crummy airport.

So what does he do? Instead of taking me to my hotel according to plan, he takes me back to his house—where I get a chance to meet his wonderful wife Brenda and his brother and enjoy a little down-home Thanksgiving cooking. Okay, so he hid the antiques—I mean, I was from New York and everything—but I still appreciated the hospitality. I also got a peek at Steve's upcoming pages for *NEW GODS*, which you've probably bought by now and socked away in your collection. To make a short story long, Steve and Brenda and I got to be good friends.

What's more, Steve introduced me to a guy who proved invaluable in teaching me about Dallas and its environs—a city cop

named Chris Allen, who was good enough to give me a whirlwind tour on his day off. Chris turned out to be bright, insightful, good company—and maybe even a little inspiring. One thing he told me is that Dallas had a homeless problem like any other big city, which helped solidify the character of Mo Douglas in my mind. As we toured Dallas's low-rent districts and crack alleys, I also learned that Chris was a Batman fan—'nuff said.

A few days after I returned from Dallas, I turned in the script for the issue you've just finished reading. I hope you liked it, now that Larry and Scott Hanna and Brien and our as-of-this-writing-undetermined colonist have had a chance to work their magic on it.

To me, Darkstar has no limitations. We can treat urban problems like drugs and homelessness one issue—and get into interstellar politics the next. We can do "Batman stories" and "Superman stories" and just about any kind of stories we get an itch for. I'm excited, I hope you are too.

Mike Friedman

P.S. Special thanks to Steve and Brenda Erwin and Chris Allen for all the help getting Dallas right.

NEXT ISSUE: Colox establishes himself on Earth, hires deputies and gets down to the business of cleaning up this corner of the universe.

See you then.

—Brian Augustyn



**THIS
MONTH
IN
GREEN
LANTERN:
MOSAIC**



**THIS
MONTH
IN
WONDER
WOMAN**

